

THE

# SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND  
PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

## TO THE FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Committee of gentlemen, interested in Spiritualism, and desirous that the *Spiritual Times* should be continued, have formed themselves into a Committee, and have each guaranteed from £5 to £10 a year towards its support.

A large sum of money is required. The Committee have much pleasure in thanking those who have already subscribed, and earnestly solicit further subscriptions.

The Committee have taken upon themselves the responsibility of this and the three next issues of the *Spiritual Times*, to allow sufficient time to obtain subscriptions. In the meantime it is hoped that those friends who have not yet subscribed will do so, and thereby strengthen the hands of the Committee, and give the *Spiritual Times* fresh life.

Subscriptions, which will be handed over to the Treasurer and duly acknowledged, may be sent for the present to the "*Spiritual Times*" Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

[We have to thank those friends who have promised us support, and beg to say that the present number of the *Spiritual Times* commences under new arrangements, Mr. Cooper having voluntarily resigned his proprietorship in our favour. The encouragement up to the present is gratifying, but there is need of further effort.—Ed. S. T.]

## WHERE ARE THE CHRISTIANS?

THE question has often been asked. Where are the Christians? and those who have asked it have, doubtless, been influenced by sufficient reasons. Where are the Christians? Shall we seek for them amongst the pharisees and saducees of society? May we expect to find them amongst the dress-and-money idolators, or amongst the poor and despised, and often illiterate, of this world's children? Is the door of heaven ever closed to the humble and the pure, and ever open to the self-righteous and the selfish? Is Christianity a possible thing, or is it merely a sham invented to betray? If not, where and who are the Christians? Are they where humility, peace, sympathy and love are dead? Where are the Christians? Surely not where the spirits of hatred, caste, and selfishness hold high jubilee in the human soul. Not, surely, where Hypocrisy veils her hideous face and Truth is ever the one thing needful. The

Christians are those who love God and their neighbour; who live humbly, faithfully, and truthfully before all men, irrespective of creed or cloth. If Christianity could be appropriated by any single sect—if it needed the sanction of Parliament or the signet of caste before it could shed abroad its influence, we might bow submissively to the conventional powers, and cease to ask the question—where are the Christians? Because we should then feel that Christianity was a blessing to the worldly successful, and a curse to the unsuccessful. This, thank God, is not so. Apart from mere questions of doctrine, the teachings of Jesus, if rightly acquired, would put an end to war with its myriad train of horrors, and for ever dethrone Selfishness. No wonder that the Infidel asks, ironically, Where are the Christians? when he looks upon the hollow, shameless shams which everywhere, under the name of Christianity, infest the earth to turn its beautiful gardens into lazar haunts of hypocrisy and woe. It will not do; humanity needs regenerating. The genuine thing itself, and not the counterfeit, is what is wanted. If men, whilst grasping at the sceptres of power and place, worship the form instead of the spirit, what can be expected other than a kind of japan virtue, which, like French polish, serves to beautify, whilst it hides at times very inferior metal. In modern days we have so much japan-Christianity, which, in fact, is no Christianity at all, but a spurious decoction of sham and impudence, that we cannot wonder at some of our thinkers asking, Where are the Christians?

What is it to be a Christian? It is to be obedient to the teachings of Jesus; to love God and man. Whoever fails to realize the spiritual beauty of this can be no Christian. It is because Spiritualism, standing firmly on the ground of its marvellous phenomena, preaches Christian truths to mankind, that we see the beauty of its advent. Spiritualism, which "was from the beginning," in the face of the most case-hardened scepticism, confronts the hypocrites, the golden calf worshippers, the would-be rulers, although time-servers, and thunders in their ears, "Christ came to save the lost."

Christ was no High Priest of money, no Pagan idolator. On the contrary, He came to minister peace and good-will to all men. He raised the lowly, inspired the fallen, and opened up a way for the struggling human soul to reach the Promised Land. He did not choose His disciples from the ranks of the rich, but the poor. In doing this, He set an example to mankind more sublime than any which could possibly have been set from any special favours he might have bestowed upon the rich. We say to all who desire to be worthy of the name of Christian; eschew false show, hold firmly by the simple truth, look to the example of the Christian Founder, and essaying to emulate that, be humble and persevere in well-doing; then, though poverty, calumny, and all the dreaded foes of life assail, you shall know "a peace which passeth understanding."

Spiritualism without Christianity would be a soulless thing indeed. There are many calling themselves Spiritualists who are merely Phenomenalists. We say, in all

sincerity, without men become true Spiritualists, that is, (even though they witness none of the phenomena,) under the dominion of its divine philosophy, they can neither better themselves nor the world, for just in the degree that selfishness is subdued and virtue and truth strengthened, will Christianity rule. We see around us much that is beautiful and worthy of imitation, much more that should be avoided as a deadly snake, which, if it be not scotched will sting the spiritual movement in its vital parts. Either Spiritualism has a philosophy or it has not; if it has and we are right in saying that the very cream of Christianity is contained therein, then it must be admitted that all, no matter what their station, who aim to circumscribe or selfishly appropriate it, are in the way of its legitimate progress, and will, sooner or later, be swept from the path. Why should the poor man whose soul exults in spiritual realities, whose spirit is rich in the knowledge of Truth, although it may not be gifted with the knowledge of tongues, be despised by some self-righteous pharisee, whose title to move amidst the wealthy and fashionable is the legitimate gift of japan-virtue? Can Spiritualism, in fact, be turned from its holy work in this manner? We think not eventually, but at present the order of society is such that we can rightly ask, Where are the Christians? Therefore, we say to those who hold their heads proudly above the poor, if they continue to do so, whatever may be said by their dearest or nearest friends, they are not Spiritualists or any of Christ's disciples. Where are the Christians? Let this question be asked individually and collectively until the world shall feel ashamed of its infidelity and absurd form-worship. Spiritualism confronts the great men of caste as well as the little men of custom, and with most miraculous voice, proclaims the work of regeneration. —Yes, regeneration! What! shall we *know* that spirits operate upon this mundane sphere, and still cling to our old Mammon worship? Shall we realize the great fact that the Future Life is not a mere figment of poetic fancy, but a glorious certainty, and still clutch with energy the robes of Formalism as though earth were the only sphere, and its baubles imperishable? Shall we consider ourselves servants of God or gods? Shall we assume Christianity in *respectable* society, and have none of it in our intercourse with the poor, lest perchance our delicate conventional virtues get soiled by coming in contact with the pilgrims of toil, whose life-journey is performed with bleeding feet? It is in vain that we affect without feeling goodness. There are no stages between honesty and dishonesty. A man is either a genuine or a counterfeit coin. Whatever he may pass for is another matter. We have, therefore, as Spiritualists, to take this home to ourselves; until we do so and decide to be genuine coin, we have no right to pass or get passed for other than counterfeits.

Dilettantism has its uses, doubtless, but it also has its abuses, and these are forcibly seen in that spirit of selfish conservatism which would circumscribe the universe if such were possible in order that there might be no room for "Christ's aristocracy, the poor."

Where are the Christians? Are they where honesty is not?—where Truth is bedaubed with varnish? Whoever is prepared to leave all worldly worship and follow Truth wherever it may lead to is worthy to be crowned a real king in Christ's kingdom. We have to learn to value men and women for their spiritual, not their material, wealth. When we do so, the honest, earnest poor, who may fail in the classics, will nevertheless be regarded by all true men as fit to sip the nectar of spirit-truth; whilst he who is dishonest, although he shall be robed in richest ermine, and flattered and befooled by all the fashionable notables in the universe, shall nevertheless drink gall, and woe, unutterable woe will be his.

There is no changing that which is irrevocable. If a man must either be true or false—that is, if he cannot assume what he is not without being a sham, neither can he sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind.

Where are the Christians? Are they not everywhere, where true, loving, aspiring natures dwell? They are not solely located in one class, but exist in all classes. But it is a sad glaring fact that they are not found where the lip and not the heart pays active service. Where, under the guise of Christianity, respectability so-termed takes Spiritualism under its gilded wing. Let us know where the Christians are, and we will reverently thank God.

### THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS' AND MR. W. M. FAY'S SEANCES.

NIGHT after night these powerful mediums have been perplexing their audiences at the Hanover-square Rooms. To-day (Saturday) they give their farewell *séances*, and are about to start immediately for Germany. It is difficult to speak in detail of the manifestations which we have so often witnessed and described.

On Tuesday evening last the phenomena were more than ordinarily quick and wonderful. The horn was thrown out at times with the middle door wide open. The Committee were struck by hands with more than usual freedom, and they were both allowed the privilege of sitting in turn between the brothers in the cabinet, and both bore testimony to the fact that neither of the brothers moved whilst they sat with them, although hands patted them about the face and head, and the instruments gyrated about the cabinet, banging against the sides and top with considerable force. One of the Committee, however, did not feel quite sure, but that he could prove to the audience how easy it is to get out of ropes. He wished to be tied up inside the cabinet to display his skill. Ira Davenport took compassion on him and tied his hands behind him, and wound the ends of the rope round the seat out of his reach. The door was closed, but the audience waited in vain to hear the slip bolt move. Presently out jumped the Committeeman, holding his hands behind him with the ends of the rope dangling at his heels. But, alack-a-day! his wrists were tied so securely that he was obliged to retire on one side to be released. His complaint was that he ought to have been tied up by some amateur, and he desired the audience to allow some such person to tie him over again, and promised to display his skill in extricating himself; but Mr. Cooper very properly put an end to this child's play, and the *séance* was brought to a close. The dark *séance* came off immediately after, and was in every way satisfactory. Ira Davenport and Mr. Fay, in addition to the outline of their boots being marked on paper, allowed coins to be placed on them, thus rendering all attempts on their part (if they could make any effectual ones) impossible without detection. Many of the company were slapped on the knees and touched by hands. We felt a hand stroke us on the face, and immediately after rather roughly seized by the hair of the head. Then came a tambourine giving us a rap or two on the head. A gentleman's spectacles were carried from his eyes and deposited between two ladies. Another gentleman was tied round the neck with one of the ropes which held one of the mediums. The astounding rapidity with which Mr. Fay was divested of his coat and supplied with another while the ligatures that held his hands behind him were sealed, excited as usual the wonder of most of the company.

We trust these mediums may meet with fair play at the hands of the Germans. We hope that the leading German metaphysicians and professors will have courage enough to set an example to England, and thoroughly and scientifically test the wonders of the cabinet and dark *séances*. The German mind is proverbially sceptical. If the Davenport Brothers can arrest its attention, we are satisfied that much good will be done. We wish them God speed.

### THE NEW RAPPING MEDIUM.

EMMA RANDALL, the little rapping medium, whose name was given last week in the *Spiritual Times* in connection with the Fusedale mediums, has of late had several sittings at which we were present. On each of these occasions the power so mysteriously manifested through her has astonished all who were present. We sat with her at the house of a literary gentleman well known to the spiritual world. We sat at a large four-legged dining table, when the raps came in succession distinctly and loudly. It was supposed that the spirit which manifests through Emma Randall is Jenny, the little spirit-sister of the Fusedale children. Most of the manifestations, would seem to proceed from a very childish spirit. The responses are always quick and unmistakable, yet sometimes there is difficulty in obtaining through the alphabet or other means intelligent tests. This,

however, is only a question of development. The most interesting of the experiments at the *séance* we speak of was this—one of the brass castors of the table was rapidly and merrily turned round, just as if some child was playing with it. This was repeated over and over again to the delight of all present. We may observe, too, that the castor which was so often turned by the invisible influence was out of the reach of the medium, who sat at the opposite side of the table.

The same evening at our own house and the house of a friend the medium placed her hands upon the table, and the rappings were frequent and loud. We hesitate not to say that this medium alone, a girl only thirteen years old, could upset the whole of Faraday's splendid machinery for showing up Spiritualism.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

### TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—At a *séance* given by Mr. Wallace at the Lyceum Hall on Sunday, April 1st. the spirits desired I should read the 10th chapter of Ezekiel, which when done, they wrote by the hand of Mr. W. that the chapter just read was the representation of spiritual subjects. They also wished us to refer to the 3rd. chapter of Ezekiel, their remarks on which were, "The time has now arrived, the prophecy is now dawning, or drawing near," I know not which as there was no room on the paper to continue the sentence.

There were many other communications but they were purely of a personal character, and would be of no interest to any but myself. I will but mention one occurrence, which to my mind establishes doubly the fact of spiritual intercourse. After a number of negative and affirmative answers to mental questions, I asked mentally whether I might be the means of bringing up my children as servants of God. The table was instantly lifted on one leg, its leaf coming almost parallel to my breast, and so remained until I altered the question to—I hope through prayer God will grant me strength and light to educate my children to His service. The table immediately resumed its horizontal position giving three very loud and distinct raps. Such are a few of the phenomena I witnessed, conveying to my mind the elevating and comforting assurance, though worms destroy this body, yet we have a soul within that will survive the wars of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

I am dear sir, yours very truly,

PHILIP JACOBS.

34, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge,  
April, 1866.

## THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—If you will permit me, I now come forward as one of the public to bear testimony to the reality of the spiritual manifestations which take place in the presence of the Davenport Brothers. I attended their public *séance* along with some hundreds of others on Monday evening, and was selected by lot as one of the committee to investigate more closely the cabinet, as also what take place therein.

I am well acquainted with electricity and galvanism; I have also studied most of the sciences, and am accustomed to sift evidence of all kinds, moral and mechanical. I have also investigated the tricks of the jugglers in Southern India, and know how most of them are done. I have seen wonderful things, optical and otherwise, and know how they are done. With a mind so prepared, and with keen senses, I examined the cabinet outside and in; I even sounded the boarding to see if it was solid. I got upon the top of it to please the audience and sounded it pretty audibly. I then proceeded to tie one of the brothers to the seat, which was firmly screwed down. I fastened him so that he could not move an inch. The gentleman who acted with me did the same for the brother sitting opposite. As I was in the act of shutting the door, I received a blow on the face, not severe enough to hurt me, but strong. At the same instant I saw the brothers sitting perfectly placid and immovable. Now, where did this blow come from? It is a physical and dynamical impossibility that either of the brothers could have given it, even if the darkness had hindered me from seeing them, which it did not, as the door was only half closed. The trumpet was thrown out several times before I had time to shut the cabinet door. I distinctly state that where I placed it on the seat, and once under the carpet, no mortal hand could

have touched it unobserved by me. I stood within two feet of it. The usual proceeding was, when the cabinet door was closed, the trumpet was immediately thrown out of the window. By whom? Not the Davenports, for it is impossible they could have moved an inch from their seats. Then, as I was closing the door on one occasion, I saw in the air inside the cabinet a lady's hand and arm. I hope my wife will think it no treason when I say that it was the most beautiful lady's hand and arm I have ever seen. Hands were seen frequently so white and clean. One was of large dimensions, which shook and trembled within a few inches of my nose. I particularly noticed the hands of the two Davenports; they are small and rather dark, whereas the spirit hands were of all sizes and beautifully white.

As to the music within the cabinet with the doors closed;—to believe that this can be the result of trick, is to believe in an absolute impossibility, for where do the hands come from to play upon five instruments. To me the deception theory is more hopeless of belief than anything supernatural could possibly be. The question arises, why should it be so difficult for some minds to believe in the existence of an unseen world—so difficult, indeed, that spirit is really "the last thing they will give in to?" It is not the operation of reason or intellect; it is simply their evil and worldly natures scorn the existence of higher and purer entities. Those who walk humbly, and who rate their worldly knowledge, however seemingly extensive, at its true value—viz., not even the first step on the ladder of true philosophy and science, do not find it so difficult to believe and to feel that what we know is as nothing compared to what we are utterly ignorant of in the vast field of God's creation. The authority of great names is valueless in the face of plain facts. Their philosophy is wrong as regards Spiritualism, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be convinced of it.

JNO. TAWSE.

24, Arundel Gardens, Kensington Park, W.

## THOMAS MARTIN OF GALLARDON.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—In your papers of the 17th and 26th of March, you publish an account of the singular mission of the French peasant Martin to Louis XVIII. in the year 1816, and at the conclusion you shrewdly express your doubts as to the full truth of the work from which you have extracted it. If this was published during the lifetime of Louis XVIII., the evident incompleteness of the story may be accounted for from the fact that Martin promised secrecy to the king respecting certain parts of the message during the king's lifetime, and it was not till after the king's death, when Charles X. sent Matthieu de Montmorency, afterwards Duc de Montmorency, to enquire of Martin the purport of his message that he revealed the whole truth, which he afterwards also declared to Charles Louis Duc de Normandie, otherwise known as Louis XVII., and to his friends, after that unfortunate prince, or rather pretender, had arrived in France from Saxony in 1833, and had been recognised by his former nurse, and by several of the old French noblesse.

The full account is this, that after the king and the peasant had exchanged salutations, and the peasant had related the visions of the angel that he had seen, he was suddenly inspired by the spirit to address the king, and to remind him of a day when he was sporting with his brother Louis XVI. in a forest, and finding the king approaching him alone he was tempted to shoot him, and only prevented from doing so by the bough of a tree coming in contact with his hat or with his gun. It was to this that Louis XVIII. is stated to have replied, "My God! it is only myself and you and God that knows this." Martin then proceeded to tell him by the same inspiration that the place he occupied did not belong to him, meaning the throne, and on the king replying that he would endeavour to find out the person to whom it rightfully belonged, the peasant replied, "The spirit tells me that if you are speaking sincerely you will have no difficulty." These are the facts, on which the king enjoined, and Martin promised secrecy to the king.

When Martin was ushered into the presence of the king, a Madame de Cayla, a favourite of the king, had just retired, at his desire, into an adjoining cabinet. In her memoirs, which were subsequently published, she mentions this interview; and that she tried to hear what passed between the king and Martin. She pretends, however, that she could not hear all that was said; but she states that the king, after she had rejoined him, asked her if she had heard what the peasant had said, and that she told him that she had heard everything, on which the king earnestly enjoined her to strict secrecy, upon which she observes that from that moment it was a matter of life or death to the king to preserve her friendship. It is argued that she could not have used such absurdly strong expressions unless she had really heard what Martin had said, and knew, therefore, that the title of the king to the throne was a false one.

A Monsieur Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault also gives a lame

and ridiculous version of the affair, which, however, shows that he knew something of the truth. I believe that he was a friend of Madame de Cayla; and he was also sent by Charles X., at his desire, to Martin, to consult him as to what he should do, when Martin warned him not to attempt to fight to regain the throne, and that his evil fate was the consequence of Louis XVIII. not having attended to his previous warnings.

At any rate, the interview of Martin with the king is an established fact, and if the accounts given of all the circumstances which led to it are genuine, no doubt the mission was a spiritual one. But as it was accompanied by the appeal to the king to order the Sabbath to be kept more strictly, and to restrain the excesses of the carnival, I have sometimes suspected that it might have been a trick got up by some priests who had got possession of the king's secret under the seal of confession, and who knew that Louis XVII. was still living. This suspicion, however, is rather far fetched.

I remain your obedient servant,

JOHN PERCEVAL.

If any of your readers should desire to know more about the history of Charles Louis Duc Normandie, otherwise Louis XVII., they may consult the following works, the first of which, though very tedious, contains the proof of his identity in the most conclusive and legal order.

"Replique Judiciaire dans la cause des Heritiers du Duc de Normandie." Breda: Broëze and Compagnie, 1851.

"Misfortunes of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.," by the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval. Frazer, 215, Regent-street, London.

## JOHNSONIANA.—No. 2.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—Talking of ghosts, Dr. J. said he knew one old friend, an honest and sensible man, who told him he had seen a ghost—old Mr. Cave, the printer, at St. John's-gate. He said Mr. C. did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned.—Boswell: Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?—Johnson: Why, sir, something of a shadowy being.

I asked him what witches meant. Johnson: Those who make use of the aid of evil spirits.—Boswell: There is no doubt a general report and belief of their having existed.—Johnson: Not only general report and belief, but you have voluntary solemn confessions.

Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Rev. M. Goldsmith, he had seen a ghost.

General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in Maphorpuh's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a certain day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over, and P. was still alive, his brother officers asked him where was his prophecy. P. answered: "I shall die notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards a shot came from a French battery, and he was killed upon the spot. He had been connected with Sir J. Friend, executed for high treason, and in P.'s pocket book was found this entry: "Dreamt, or—Sir John Friend meets me." (The day on which he was killed was mentioned.)

It appears the Colonel was killed at Malplaquet, August 31, 1709, a few days before Dr. Johnson was born. He said: "It is wonderful that 5,000 years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death." All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.

Boswell: Pray, sir, what has he (John Wesley) made of his story of the ghost?—Johnson: Why, sir, he believes it, but not on sufficient authority. It was at Newcastle where the ghost was said to have appeared to a young woman several times, mentioning something about the right to an old house; advising application to be made to an attorney, which was done; and at the same time saying the attorney would do nothing, which proved to be the case. This, says John, is a proof that a ghost knows our thoughts. I am sorry that J. did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it.—Miss Seward: What, sir, about a ghost?—Johnson: Yes, Madam. This is a question which, after 5,000 years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding.

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

London, February 10, 1866.

## THE EELS AND THE TROUT.

A PARABLE FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A COMPANY of eels made their winter quarters in a bay where a clear bright river emptied into the ocean. In the mud of a deep black pool, associated with flounders and sea urchins, they enjoyed themselves amazingly, feeding upon fat worms and dead creatures of every kind, till one day a trout made his appearance in their midst, on his way from the river to the sea.

"Whence came you, O trout?" said the eels; "and tell us the news."

"I have been," said the trout, "far up the silver brook, to the cascade at the foot of the great mountains, and there I saw the rainbow shining above the waterfall, and looking at the sun with millions of eyes of fire."

"Ho! ho!" laughed grandfather eel. "None of your jokes, master trout. Seventy years have I sailed up the rivers. There is nothing there but mud. What is a rainbow? I never saw one. Besides water, the universe is nothing but a vast mud-bank."

"Sho, sho," said the flounders.

"I have seen more," said the trout, "in the green meadows. At daybreak, reflected in the water, were floating heaven-islands, all diamonds and gold; and there were banks of crimson sky-lilies, and in the midst of them a golden sunflower; and the sunflower broke from its stalk in the heavens, and its image floated over the pool; and the beds of crimson sky-lilies floated with it, and they changed to little silver globes, and fell and melted into the water. But the great sunflower of the sky bloomed still more gloriously."

"Hear him, hear him," said grandfather eel.

"Ho! ho! ho! ho!" laughed the sculpins and the mudfish.

And the flounders cried out: "What is he talking about?"

But the limpets on the rocks and the grey oysters were busy tea drinking, and the jolly clams were all merry at high water, for they were sensible people, and opposed, on principle, to all story telling.

Then an old conch blew his horn, and the shell-fish and the eels opened their ears to listen, and the eel who had burrowed deepest in the mud, and who knew what was on the other side of the water, solemnly spoke:

"Below the water there is mud; and below the mud is sand; and below the sand are the shells waiting for the resurrection; and underneath this is the great frying-pan where all trouts must go at last to swim in a lake of fiery oil for ever—for all trouts are liars."

This greatly abashed the little trout, but there came a dolphin from the sea, all shining with green and purple light, and the dolphin said:

"You, little trout, have told the truth. As is the mud, such are they that love the mud; but as is the sky, such are they that love the sky."

Then the little trout was glad, and he went with the dolphin as with a safe protector, to see the coral islands and the wonders of the sea.—*Herald of Light*.

## A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

THE *Revue Spirite* of last November gives the following letter from Charkow, in Russia:—

M. le President,—I venture to address you, hoping that Spiritualism may throw some light on a hitherto inexplicable circumstance, the details of which I have received from an ocular witness:—

The R—— family has always been noted for eccentricity, but I shall only allude to the brothers Woldemar and Alexander. Woldemar's eyes had a most peculiar expression, and when we played together as children I could not bear him to look at me; on confiding this to my father, he owned to feeling the same repugnance, and advised me to avoid him. In course of time the brothers went to the University of Kazan, where Woldemar's talents surprised his master, and he often boasted of his success to his brother, whom he selected as a butt for his sarcasm. His success, however, was of short duration, for he expired at the age of sixteen in the arms of his brother. In a lesser degree Alexander possessed the same power of fascination or magnetism, in his eyes. He had less brilliant talent, yet he had much facility for learning. The death of his brother so affected him that he became a changed man. For six weeks he never raised his eyes, or paid any attention to his person, so much so that his clothes hung around him in rags. His mother removed him to the country, where an uncle undertook to cure him of these fancies, and told him that if he continued to conduct himself in that manner in his house, he would use severe means to correct him. Alexander became at once more reasonable. He offered no resistance, but wrote secretly to his mother

implored her to come and deliver him from his jailor. His mother acceded, and his eccentricities recommenced. He insisted on the church bells being rung when he sat down to table. He was then placed in an asylum, and this change caused him to become once more reasonable, so that the doctors not perceiving any symptoms of insanity, ceased to pay him much attention, and concluded he had been placed there for family reasons. One night, whilst every one slept, he dressed himself in the hat and cloak of one of the doctors and escaped, walking thirty versts to his home, where he took possession of a small hen-house, and divested himself of his clothes, then standing in the centre, he declared that six feet of earth were sufficient for any man, and that he required no more. In vain his mother implored him on her knees to change his views, and entreated him to permit, at least, a roof to be placed on the shed. He resolutely refused, and only consented to allow an old nurse to remain with him, who had lived in the family all her life. His father, in despair, ordered all the labourers to quit the place, and remove seven versts from thence. He himself also departed, and named the village "The lost village." He then wished to place the property in trust. Commissioners were named, but Alexander, on hearing this, dressed himself (though without linen), and went to meet them, answering all their questions so sensibly and clearly, that the disappointed Commissioners, who expected to find a fool, retired.

This happened in 1842. Alexander remains in the same state. He stands without any clothes in a stone building, without window or door, exposed to all winds, though the thermometer stands at thirty in the winter. Once a day a saucer with jelly is brought to him, and the food is thrown at him like a wild beast, whom he seeks to imitate in his mode of feeding and his growls. He no longer uses human speech. In consequence of having so long bowed his head, he can no longer raise it. His feet have become enormous, and he cannot walk. Sometimes at night he crouches down and permits a sheep-skin to be thrown over him. There is nothing remarkable about his appearance excepting his eyes. He is neither stout nor thin; but there is an expression of pain in his face. On being asked the reason of his conduct he replies, "Do not ask me, it is a want of determination." What can he mean? Sometimes he calls on his brother's name, and at others exclaims, "When will this end." Some of his hair having been sent to a clairvoyant, the answer given was, "This is the malady of Nebuchadnezzar." Nevertheless, he is not mad. Apart from his brute existence he has an intellectual mind. He interests himself in all that goes on in the world, receives quantities of newspapers, and as it is almost dark in his hut, he allowed a shed to be built alongside, where his mother sat for hours reading to him. Since her death a woman is paid to read to him.

The commission appointed to inquire into this affair only obtained the following details, which throw no real light on the matter:—

D—, a college friend of Alexander's said that he knew him to be in love with the wife of a chemist as virtuous as she was beautiful, that he daily rode past her window for the pleasure of seeing her, but this was his only indulgence. Every day at the same hour he received a sealed letter, which he hastily concealed in a drawer, and D— felt persuaded they were love letters; when the enquiry began only two letters could be found, the others having been destroyed. The first ran thus:—

"Yesterday a strange thing happened to me as I was returning home; while crossing a field I heard a voice calling 'Help, help.' I shouted and ran to the place, where I found a young man near a cemetery surrounded by a wall; he thanked me for my interference, saying he had been attacked by robbers, who, on hearing my voice, fled. A cloth manufactory close at hand had been closed for some little time, and the workmen being out of employ had taken to waylaying people. We walked on to the town together, carrying on a very animated and agreeable conversation. On arriving at the stranger's house he invited me in, and I spent the evening there. On parting he again thanked me without asking me to revisit him, and mentioned a place where he daily walked and the precise hour at which I should meet him. The strangest thing is, that on my return home I could neither remember the house nor the street, though I am well acquainted with the town, where I have lived four years. I intend to meet the stranger at the place of appointment, and shall endeavour to be invited to his house and to recollect the road this time."

There was no signature to the letter. In the second letter he says:—

"I saw my acquaintance at the appointed place, and was invited to the house, but on returning home found I had again forgotten the road."

On examining the writing it appeared to resemble that of a college friend, but on the letters being shown to him he laughingly declared he had never written such things. Here end all the inquiries. Only three persons, it is imagined, can give a clue to the mystery—his mother, his old nurse, and his sister. The two first are now dead; his sister lives in the same village and

daily visits him, spending three or four hours with him. This strange fact is but little known and has never been published, although it occurs close to Kazau, a large town with a university, medical and scientific men. It is true that at first inquiries were set on foot, but they soon appeared discouraged and gave them up. Yet what a vast field does it open out for scientific observation and discovery! It is an actual fact that any one can verify.

Can Spiritualism, which explains so many things, throw any light on this strange phenomenon?

One fact is very evident, that the young man mentioned in the above recital is not a fool, or mad, and can exercise his reason when he chooses to do so.

But what can be the cause of such eccentricity at his age? We think that science, with its purely material resources, will be long in finding it. There is, however, more than a simple monomania displayed in the imitation of the voice and gestures of wild animals. It is true that people have been seen who, having passed their earliest years amongst wild animals in a forest, have adopted their cries and habits; but such is not the case with this young man, who studied at the university and lives on his property in the midst of a village, in daily contact with his fellow-creatures.

## QUEEN OF LITTLE GIRLS.

By J. H. POWELL.

Pretty, patient, prudent Nelly!  
Artless, kind and sage—  
Tender, trusting, truthful Nelly!  
Young yet full of age:

How I love thy quaint, quick speeches,  
Golden smiles and curls,  
Cheeks fair-flush'd as mellow peaches,  
Queen of little girls!

Witty, winsome, winning Nelly!  
Roaming by the sea—  
Gleeful, gentle, graceful Nelly!  
Ever fond and free:

Free from fears of coming storms,  
Gladsome as the sun,  
Fair as Summer's fairy forms,  
Wondrous little one!

How I love thy quaint, quick speeches,  
Golden smiles and curls,  
Cheeks fair-flush'd as mellow peaches,  
Queen of little girls!

Merry, musing, modest Nelly!  
Count thy years to me  
Cheerful, cautious, candid Nelly!  
"Seven sir," said she.

Dreamy, dainty, darling creature!  
Priceless pearl of pearls!  
Chastely formed in soul and feature,  
Queen of little girls!

Faultless, favour'd, faithful Nelly!  
How I love thy ways!  
Blooming, bonny, bashful Nelly!  
Born for love and praise!

Like a moonlit-rippling stream,  
Flowing merrily—  
Or a picture in a dream,  
Glows thy life to me:

Dreamy, dainty, darling creature!  
Priceless pearl of pearls!  
Chastely form'd in soul and feature,  
Queen of little girls!

Laughing, loving, liting Nelly!  
Birds and zephyrs sing—  
Hopeful, honest, happy Nelly!  
Mirthful little thing!

Full of joys and sage desires,  
Lost to sordid fears;  
Sweetest note in Nature's choirs,  
Heard in Music's spheres!

Dreamy, dainty, darling creature!  
Priceless pearl of pearls!  
Chastely form'd in soul and feature,  
Queen of little girls!



## EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS

(From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

SINCE my last letter to you we have had another exciting time here, arising out of the challenge given to Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon to have physical manifestations produced in a monster cabinet, twelve feet high, and seven feet square, through the mediumship of Miss Ella Vanwie. All the arrangements having been completed, and the cabinet erected, the Doctor commenced his course of lectures and illustrations, on Monday evening, the 12th of February, in the Wilmington Institute hall, to a large and intelligent audience. The committee selected for the occasion by the challengers consisted of Mr. C. H. Lounsbury and Mr. George Buzine. Mrs. McInale and Mrs. C. Nebeker, all of whom were accepted by Dr. F. As the cabinet had been constructed under inspection, there was little to be done save to examine the instruments, and they were hung by brass hooks on the ceiling of the cabinet. The ladies searched the person of Miss Vanwie thoroughly, and caused her to remove such articles of clothing as they thought might possibly be made use of by her during the manifestations. She was then put into an unbleached cotton bag, sewed up, and the bag nailed securely to the floor. In a few moments the suspended instruments, consisting of a violin, drum, horns, bells, etc., were played upon, then taken down in part, and again played upon, and the cabinet door thrown open whilst the instruments were still in motion. Miss Vanwie was found in the same position, still nailed to the floor, and the sewing of the bag untouched. The committee now took down the remaining instruments, placing all upon the floor. The door was again closed, and in a few moments more again re-opened, when it was found that six of the instruments had been hung on the ceiling of the cabinet—the medium being still securely fastened in the bag, and to the floor.

Next followed demonstrations in a smaller cabinet, during which the medium was securely tied with ropes and their knots retied with twine. Almost immediately, white, red and black hands were shown, several varieties of drapery, feathers, etc., the committee struck by spirit hands, and on the sudden opening of the doors, the medium was still tied in the same position. She was again submitted to a rigid search of her clothes and person, when the ladies declared that she had none of the things shown at the aperture, about her or in the cabinet. The committee reported "that no matter by what power or agency produced, it was by one outside of the medium."

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the lectures and illustrations were continued to larger audiences composed too of that portion of society here who have hitherto kept aloof from such things. There was quite a change in the manifestations. In the large cabinet, some red paint had been placed, and whilst the instruments were being used a large red cross was painted upon the ceiling, the medium being secured in the bag and to the floor as before. In the small cabinet also, many new features were presented. The backs and palms of Miss Vanwie's hands were painted red—but white and black hands were produced, drapery of different kinds, hair, feathers and two pairs of scissors—the committee of ladies examining her both before and after the manifestations, and declaring that she had nothing of the kind about her person.

This closed the course—certainly the most interesting and satisfactory I have ever seen—but as a proposition had been made to have a benefit for Miss Vanwie, Dr. Fitzgibbon announced it for Thursday, the 15th. The weather was excessively cold, and prevented many from attending, but the manifestations exceeded anything, I conscientiously believe, ever before witnessed in any part of the world. The monster cabinet presented most extraordinary results. The Indian spirits danced as they said, "in boots," and certainly the noise sounded like them, shaking the whole structure and vibrating the platform, playing upon the instruments meanwhile. A sheet of zinc, covered with flour, had been placed upon the floor in a corner, and on opening the door and examining it, six of the bells were found to be carefully placed around the edge, and in the flour were the footprints of an Indian child (easily recognised as such by the wide-spreading toes) about four or five years of age, and also a white child of about a year or eighteen months old—(these points were afterwards examined by most of the persons present, (so reported by the committee who, on this occasion, consisted of Dr. Harlan and Mr. Allan Gawthrop, both gentlemen of the highest standing, and well known in our community, whilst the medium was still secured as upon former occasions. The demonstrations in the small cabinet then followed, and they were of such a character as to beggar all description.

Mr. Thomas Garrett and other gentlemen counted the number of things shown at the cabinet opening, and they amounted to the extraordinary number of *seventy-one*! Among these were red, white and black hands—hands covered with blood, others bandaged, others mutilated—all from battle-fields; a white and a black hand at the same time—three white hands at once—three black hands at once—two large and two small hands at once—ladies' hands with and without rings, differently dressed; children's hands, children's dresses, head-dresses, embroidered handkerchiefs, broad and narrow ribbons of different colours, singly and in bunches, scissors, screws, pencils, etc.; and finally one of the spirits materialised a pen, and on presenting it, asked for paper, a piece of which was handed into the cabinet, and in a few moments returned it marked over with ink, which was still wet, (it is now in possession of Mr. Taggart of this place, who handed up the paper,) and in that condition was handed to the committee.

The committee of ladies now entered the cabinet and searched Miss Vanwie thoroughly, (as they had done before she entered it,) and so effectually, that one of them declared "that unless the medium had the articles shown at the aperture of the cabinet down her throat, there was no other place to *secrete* them," a statement that elicited a good deal of laughter and applause.

The committee reported most satisfactorily, declaring the whole series of manifestations given, from beginning to end, to be perfectly honest,

above suspicion of either collusion or trickery, and closed by proposing a vote of thanks to Dr. Fitzgibbon and Miss Vanwie for the great services they had rendered, and the candid and fair opportunities they had offered the public for an impartial investigation, which was carried unanimously. It must be borne in mind that these wonderful manifestations have been given before an unbiased and unprejudiced committee to a large and highly respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen, in a large public hall, and in cabinets constructed here in the city of Wilmington, Del., by a cabinetmaker of the place, and under inspection, and were left open for public examination to any one desirous of seeing them. The results obtained here are certainly amongst the most extraordinary upon record, and have carried conviction to many hitherto doubting minds.

## SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 15.

July 21, 1864.

In reply evidently to a passing thought (now put into the form of a question), a wish that the spirits would give me subjects upon which to seek their communications.

S.—Seek subjects. It enlarges spiritual intercourse. My child, we would gladly burst through the earth bonds of your spirit; but God decrees for man himself, as long as he is in the flesh to fight his own battle. We may, and do, help you, but could not so far disarrange human nature as to use your spirit as a tool. Seek to free yourself. Seek subjects, religious, and we will try to influence you more and more.

Q.—In some manifestations it is evident some of our bodies are made the "tool" of the spirits?

S.—Yes; hence the difference between evil or undeveloped spirits, who would rather manifest materiality, and influence the body, even to possession; whilst the higher the development, the more interior light is given.

July 25, 1864.

Q.—If we, through our freedom of will, take a false step in life, the consequences of which bring much sorrow, how can we attribute it to Providence, which we know is over all?

S.—My child, man, as a free agent placed on this earth to act for himself, is also between the evil and the good influences of heaven and hell. The position is fearfully responsible. Oh, that men would turn from evil to light and life. When placed on earth in the original state after the fall, the equilibrium was equal. Yielding to the temptations of Satan, evil rose predominant, and the fight began. You would reconcile evil doings with providential dealings. My child, much of that is beyond the power of human beings to see. Whilst man clings to good, Providence surely guides his steps into all good. The man, in the exercise of his free will, leaves the path appointed, and has to feel the sad results, often through years of sorrow groping in the dark; but God, in the midst of all, is merciful and tender, full of compassion. He remembers our infirmities, and that we are but dust; and whilst witnessing the trials we have brought upon ourselves through leaving His path, He still causes all to work for good, by leading you to feel your utter dependence upon him; and thus does He, when all good is wrought, lead you back by a path ye know not of. This is earthly discipline. Man proposes, but God disposes, is one of your earth maxims. Therefore, it is not for man to plan his own life, and then dispute with Providence, that really overrules, and oftentimes leads him by a dark path, perhaps of illness, or adversity in temporal matters.

Q.—How far may a man be called a creature of circumstances, and being such, what do you say about the responsibility of so many who die in ignorance of good?

S.—My child, fail not to trace the mind of Providence in all things. Be not startled at the mysteries that arise. Providence rules all. Man's freedom lies in accepting good, and rejecting evil. Both influences live around him and influence him. If the freedom of man were not kept up, if he were merely a tool to be acted upon by the supernatural element, then he would not be, as he is, the image of God, the Father, Creator. The intense darkness of evil has much obliterated the likeness; but the germ remains in the lowest of the human spheres. Vast millions born in the black darkness, and never seeing light, being too blinded interiorly to receive it, will be enlightened and developed in the spirit-land, where much, that their individual spirits would have caught at eagerly upon earth, had they had the opportunity, will be there, gladly appreciated, and taken to their spirit natures. When freed from earth's trammels, the spirit can take its own direction, and absorb to itself the element it has been grasping after, in the benighted life of earth. This state of ignorance in the masses, is the curse of the fall. Leave off.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. T. J.

A GENTLEMAN called upon the Fusedales, and, after witnessing some phenomena, said: "It was all in the mind of the mediums." On another occasion he came and placed his great coat on one side out of the room. He said: "Can you tell me what there is in my coat pocket." One of the children said: "I see two oranges and two apples in the table." He said: "I have two oranges and two apples in my pocket." This is a peculiar faculty possessed by these children—they see objects reflected in the table, as though it were a looking-glass. A lady, on another occasion, took from her pocket a bunch of keys, not knowing how many keys there were. Instantly the invisibles rapped out the exact number. We have several times held things under the table, and have been told by one or other of the children what they were. They say the spirit whispers to them. Several times, too, we have written a number on a piece of paper, and raps have been given correctly. How is the mind, then, to account for all these facts?

# A VISION.

PRESENTED TO AND RECORDED BY EMMA HARDINGE.

It was sunset on Lake Ontario; I lay on a couch to which indisposition had confined me for several hours, watching dreamily the fitful changing hues of the sky, and the gorgeous reflection of its gold and purple glories on the tossing waters of the shining lake. Painters' canvas never yet displayed the wealth of colouring that the artist sun cast like a mantle over the enchanting scene. Each moment changing, too, its glorious pageantry, it seemed as if the dying day called up from the world of infinite ideas this phantasmagoria of beauty, to teach me the loveliness of death, when Nature reigns supreme, and the strong, the good and beautiful are passing away. Passing away! yes, though the scene I looked upon was motion, life, in its fairest garb of loveliness, 'twas life going out; the lamp of day soon to be quenched in the solemn mystery of darkness. and that day's death. Death! Death! how the word shaped itself upon the purple sky and glittered on the sparkling wave crests; "Death" came sighing in the breeze, and stole like a shadow through my darkening room; crept up the stairs and in at the half-closed door; moved stealthily across the carpet, and when the last, long, slanting ray of scarlet light faded from off the window sill, I felt the cold, gray phantom at my side, and heard it muttering in my ears tales of strange, weird, unearthly things, fantastic legends of the shadow land, where Death sits throned. In vain the phantom hovered round me, with its ghostly, whispering voice. To me Death has ever been, ever will be welcome as the stars of night, which trail their golden length in the pathway of the dying sun—beautiful as sunset, holy as moonlight, or the morning star, the herald of another and a better day; Death was then as now, the liberty angel opening the gates of the old, and enfranchising the soul into the grander glory of the new, and yet on this particular evening the cloud of Death thoughts which succeeded the farewell of the day now dead, seemed to bring with it none of the joyous feeling of anticipation with which I am accustomed to contemplate my voyage over the "beautiful river." No; anticipation was crowded out, and a heavy, leaden weight of retrospect oppressed me, in which came trooping up the forms of many a dweller in the long ago, to whom I knew too certainly death had not been the sunset herald of a glorious night and radiant morrow, but the closing of a day whose shroud was darkness, deep and dreadful.

Suddenly all my wandering thoughts were fixed on one whom for years I had not seen or scarcely thought upon. He was a man whom no description can fully represent to the inhabitants of this Western continent, for he was of a class unknown in American experiences—a peer of the British realms, the elder brother of a wealthy, noble, and far descended house, and a marked actor in that peculiar life drama which is only played amongst the members of the British aristocracy.

You cannot follow me, my American friends, were I to attempt for you a description of the stately Earl and his peculiar sphere of action: happy for you, you cannot, for the sum of all is told when I translate his life in this: his birth, position, the law of primogeniture, and other specialties of his estate, had manufactured a great Earl, a rich nobleman, and a capacious mind, into a very bad man, notorious for his enormous gallantries in public life, and his equally enormous tyranny in private life. This man had lived for self, and used time, talents, wealth, and station for no other purpose, that I can now remember, or ever heard quoted, than for the gratification of self and selfish passions. I presume that he had never committed any act that could bring upon him the penalty of the law, but in Great Britain our courts of honour, probity, chastity and equity, exist only in public opinion, and this pronounces verdict against the poor, never the rich, otherwise this great Earl would scarcely have escaped a felon's fate.

In my youth I knew this man well. I had often read Shakespeare to him, sang and played for him, and despite of some awe with which his singularly stately presence inspired me, returned his regard for me with perhaps more of love than the young and innocent generally yielded to him. My full understanding of his character was the revelation of after years. Since I have been in America the journals of home have brought the intelligence of the great man's transit into "the land of his rest." I had become a believer in Spiritualism about a year, and then, as often since, had wondered why that spirit never sought communion with the girl who loved him kindly, and with whom, moreover, the dark shadow of wrong had never been associated in his memory. Still he came not. Sometimes I wondered whether "the great gulf" of Scripture was all a fiction, and the rich bad man could not cross it.

This night my mind was full of him, and the spirit earl was the last normal thought I can recall ere I passed into that strange,

waking, dreamlike state baffling all description, which we so vaguely call a trance. I passed through what seemed many spheres of mist and gloom. They occupied much space, but gave me no other idea but that of traversing vast distances. At length I stood in a land of buildings, connected with each other, which seemed to be the destination to which my spirit's flight had been tending.

The experiences of the infinite element, spirit, can never be translated into the speech of the finite element matter, hence I cannot attempt to describe in the language of matter the inconceivable spaces through which my spirit seemed to travel, nor the splendour with which I was surrounded. Human eye hath not seen nor heart conceived of the beauty outwrought by the spirit, or distance where infinity offers no horizon; but the character of the buildings I traversed I can at least describe. They consisted of chambers, galleries, staircases, halls, and corridors, and their furniture was Oriental splendour, made splendid by the genius of spiritual enchantment.

Three points in my journey, however, were most remarkable. The first was the amazing and palpable darkness that filled these palaces, revealing clearly every colour and shape, yet heaping up an atmosphere of blackness on all around in such dense folds that I could taste it, suffocate in it, almost cut it; 'twas awful, overwhelming, stifling. 'Twas darkness made black; night incarnate.

The next point of interest was the total absence of inhabitants; not a living thing was visible, and though in process of my wanderings I seemed to have traversed worlds, and to have occupied ages since my entrance, so deathlike was the stillness, so utterly unbroken was the terminable quiet, that I felt as if an eternity of horror would be cheaply purchased by the sight of even an insect or a reptile; but the crowning fact of my strange experience was the effect of the scene upon my own spirits.

At first entrance I was affected by a profound melancholy; but as I proceeded this deepened into a despair so hopeless, that memory and even the sense of pain at last fled. At certain stages of my pilgrimage the awful gloom and solitude produced in my mind the most agonising longing for light, air, and companionship, but even the energy to frame a wish at length abandoned me, and though sensible of a dim possibility by powerful exercise of will of summoning aid to my side, I lost at last the faculty even of suffering, and wandered on, seemingly, for years, centuries, ages—a living annihilation, an incarnation of hopeless woe. God, angels, life, worlds, all, all was dead but me; and I was eternity, and death!

The most distinct memory I can now retain of sensation in this purgatory was a vague wonder as to whether I was thus suffering for expiation of my own sins, or learning by horrible experience the condition of others.

I think that the amount of energy expended even in this effort at reflection opened up a new phase in my dreadful pilgrimage, for it seemed answered by the tones of a sweet, bell-like voice, whose low but clear intonations seemed wafted from the immeasurable distance of some far off world. It said, "You are now in the spirit homes of earth's rich dead, Emma; here dwell the Dives of earth, whom men say die so very rich; here they live in the splendours they loved, the wealth they adored, and surrounded by the idols they made and worshipped. Your sufferings, our Emma, are theirs, in the realization of the life for which they have sold themselves, and now you may judge of the value of the coin for which the cold-hearted, selfish, cruel, rich man sells his soul. How like you the exchange?"

I shuddered and wept bitterly for the insane rich of earth. "Where are they?" I murmured.

"Everywhere," replied the voice. "Myriads move around you, and wander and feel as you do, but none see the others, or you; it is the condition of entrance to the spheres of self-love, that the eye shall behold nought but self, realize no other existence. They toiled in earth-life to attain this state; here they reap the harvest they have sown."

"But this darkness," I cried; "Oh, for the light, for but one ray of the blessed sunlight! Why cannot the sun of heaven penetrate these awful abodes?"

"And so it does, child. Here, as everywhere, is heaven and light and sun; but where are the eyes that can behold it? If heaven be not within us, in vain we seek it elsewhere. If our eyes are for ever turned in upon self, they are blind to all besides, and from the soul's centre goes forth the true light or darkness of the land of souls."

(To be continued.)

GATHERING AT NOTTINGHAM.—A gathering of Spiritualists and friends met at Nottingham, on Good Friday, to celebrate the "Death of Christ." Several impressional addresses were delivered by mediums suitable to the occasion and the company. Nottingham has a goodly company of Spiritualists.

**THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS**

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CORRESPONDENTS will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

OUR readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

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